

The Quakers Prophecie:

Or Strange and Wonderful News from *Spittle-Fields*, Humbly
Dedicated to the Queen of *Poland*.

To the Tune of, *Then Covetousness out of England will Run.*

I.

Come all my kind Neighbours and listen awhile,
Ile sing you a song that will make you to smile:
When all this comes to pass as sure as a gun,
Then Presbyter *Jack* out of *England* will run.

II.

When *Oliver*, and *Shaftsbury* comes to life again,
And are to be seen upon *Salesbury* plain:
When all this is true as sure as a gun,
Then Presbyter *Jack* out of *England* will run.

III.

When *Ruffel*, and *Hone* this news they do hear,
It will make *Colledge* and *Walcot* to stare:
Then *Rouse* will stare at them as sure as a gun,
When Presbyter *Jack* out of *England* is run.

IIII.

Sir *Thomas Armstrong* he was a great fool,
But Sq. *Ketch* his Courage did cool:
If that he comes again as sure as a gun,
Then Presbyter *Jack* out of *England* will run.

V.

Curtis, and *Care*, are two very great Knave's,
One the profit of Lyebls they do live brave:
Tell they are hang'd as sure as a gun,
Then *Shaftsbury* in Hell will say nothing but mum.

VI.

If *Bradshaw*, and *Hueson* were again at White-hall,
Tis ten to one against King they wou'd brall:
And if *Essex*, were here as sure as a gun,
Then Presbyter *Jack* out of *England* will run.

VII.

When *Hueson* the cobbler mends shoes for whiggs state,
Then Phenatick Preaching will something abate:
When these things comes to pass as sure as a gun,
Then Presbyter *Jack* out of *England* will run.

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in *St. John-street*; near *Clerken-well-green*.

A New Song called Love in a Tub.

To an new tune called *Daniel Cooper*.

I.

A Female Quaker in Cheap-side,
She lov'd a presbyterian;
Her Husband she could not abide,
Because he was not handiome.
She having got a new great Tub,
Which stood up in the Garret;
Then on a day when he was out,
O there she play'd the harlot.

II.

In the mean while her Husband came,
And cot them both together;
In the Tub they both were in,
Where Presbyter imbrace her;
But when her Husband she did see,
O she was sore amazed;
On one another they did look,
And on him foundly gazed.

III.

Villian quoth he, why dost thou so,
Dost think I will thee pardon;
Except a hundred pound I have,
Ile bate thee not one Farthing.
With that the Wigg, gave free consent,
And paid him down the Money;
The Quaker with his Wife content,
For playing with her Coney.

FINIS.



Tune of the Rye House Plot.

1683.

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